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# Assassin's Tale



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## Chapter 1 by GeneralSh

Askabard awaits. The City of Kings. My target is the "Great King". But no one told you how low the city had gotten. The entire city is in ruins, like a plague had struck it, and it had. Anyone not killed by the plague is either in the Main Keep, or a mindless lobotomized killer. The entrance of a city is a battleground, with dozens of people, soldiers, keeping a horde of those killers. With My cloak, my sword, and multitude of daggers, not to mention a host of more supernatural powers, It would be easy for me to sneak past.

If The Crows don't see me.

Giant birds, the size of carriages, with beaks that can shred armor like paper. And that's discounting their six-inch talons. They have uncanny vision. But I have better skill than the average run-of-the-mill bandit. I am the Infamous Thiomir, and This city will bend It's knee to me.

## Chapter 2 by Phantim



Still... It is better if I wait until dark to try to breach the castle. The ravens sleep at night, so that will be a plus. I decide to go to Burke, a small town on the outskirts of the larger city. There I find a pub, the Rotting Dog. I can hear the music and laughter as I saunter down the well worn

street. I open the door to the pub and am greeted by the sweet smell of a hot ale.

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I walk over and grab a small stool, I sit down by the window that I am mostly obscured by shadow. I look out the window and see the rain falling. When I pull my hood down over my eyes trying to get a little rest. It's gonna be a long night after all.

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"Psst... pssst! Hey mister!" I hear.

I lift my head and am surprised to see...

### Chapter 3 by GeneralSh



A child beckons to me, pointing to a door. I grudgingly follow, my hand on my sword in case of unforeseen circumstances. Instead, I am led into a wide open courtyard. At the center stand two robed figures. I can tell immediately from their colors and arms that they are on my side, for the moment.

Fellow assassins.

"Brother, your presence here is most comforting. We have finally got the king in a position to strike, but we need the best to carry it out. It will involve not only a precision strike, but one with the skills to take out the king's entire bodyguard force as well."

This is Problematic. I've gone from simply committing regicide to murder of over two dozen, as well as regicide.

"How am i to complete this task?"

"We have acquired a massive arsenal. You are free to take any and all weapons and armor of your choosing."

He wasn't kidding about the size of the arsenal. At least one of every weapon I've ever fought with, and then some. I decide to grab...

### Chapter 4 by GeneralSh



A mace. Two spears. Five swords, of different shapes and sizes. Twelve knives. Two flintload pistols, which fire special flint cartridges that splinter for mass confusion. Mostly nonlethal. Seventy crossbow bolts and a miniature multi-barreled crossbow, and a re-curve longbow, with

my signature ammunition. The Screacher. The arrowhead had three spinning blades to maximize bleeding damage. The... what. Good for killing and tracking.

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"Brother, You will need assis

"I never work with other assassins, fellow brothers" I glare at them through my mask. Oh, how the tables will turn when i crown myself king. They think lesser of me, they think I'm expendable, so they send me in to do an impossible task. But I am capable. They have no idea what tricks i have under my sleeves this time.

"Very well. I trust in your... capabilities... Your main task is to do as much damage as possible. Leave the king to us."

"I'll do this MY WAY, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!" I point my mace at them, my normally suppressed rage revealing itself to them for the first time in a while.

"Brother, are you sure you're fit for this?"

"I've been training my entire life for this, "brothers"."

"Hmph. Very well. You attack at dawn."

I plan to attack now. I vault the walls, running across the rooftops. The crows are watching me from a distance, but I'm nothing to them. they're too tired to go for me. I make a mental note of this, and fire a few flintload shots at them, scattering them. They follow me from behind. Good. They'll attract more.

I reverse-spin kick a lone guard off of the wall, watching him splatter on the floor twenty feet below. My weapons slow me down; I'm as fast as a world-class athlete, not a world-class assassin. I grunt at the weight, and keep going, leaping from building. I do a triple flip and land on the balcony of a rick person's house. i leave the person to their sleep, running along until I swing across the corner on a pub sign. The castle is in sight.

Time for my legend to be created

## Chapter 5 by Glowy-Druglord



"You are just a sick psycho" a feminine voice hisses from above me. I snap my head upwards

with a glare, then a look of shock. She wore a strange mask, it almost looked like something from my worst nightmares. The eyes in the mask were staring at them. Her body was speckled with weapons, a cloak with a hood that looked like a skull. She held the nightmare feature she held. She had gauntlets that looked like claws. I was seeing things. But when I rubbed my eyes, she appeared right in front of me, her head tipped curiously to a side.

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"Interesting. You're an assassin?" She circled me a few times, poking me in the side too hard.  
"You're the strangest assassin I have ever seen."

"What the...Who are you?" I asked, my hand flicking down to my side in preparation to grab my mace.

"Who am..." She trailed off with laughter. "Have you been living under a rock your entire life?"

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